## BREEZY, GROCER'S CLERK.

By J. George Frederick

concern. They already had a force of about a dozen clerks, beside half a dozen delivery teams. They had hired clerks for twenty years, and it was to them a troublesome and vexatious proceeding. They frowned at first at his slight frame, but when he put a prostrate sugar barrel on end with easy unconcern, all objections were immediately withdrawn.

His surname was the leveling one of Smith, and his Christian name—highly Christian—Hezekiah. His mother called him "Zeke" and his companions diversion—all matter concerning the grocery store.

He set up a card and embodied in it an idea that he had conceived. He printed 500 of them—all the cardboard he had. They were invitations to the by telephone orders. He laid one on Mr. Leslie's desk the next morning. "Thompson," Breezy hear i Leslie call shortly afterwards to the superintendent, "this is a good idea. How many did you have printed?" Thompson grew red. "I didn't have

called him "Zeke" and his companions "Breezy."

Breezy entered upon his work whistling in supreme content. He was at the bottom of the commercial hill, and was preparing to run up to the top. He had no star-high ambitions to make him dream, no love affairs to make him forgetful, and no vices to keep him from doing his best. There wasn't a lazy tendon in his body. He was not tall. If he had been, he would have been lazy. He was short, thin, black-eyed, nervous and muscular. Before his ponnervous and muscular. Before his ponderous companions got an idea through their heads Breezy was half way done with the action. A few thought he was a genius; but they were mistaken:
Breezy was innocent of the smallest spark. He just had a heavy capital of was also an extra division. spark. He just had a heavy capital of nervous energy that made him work while others were content to lounge.

was also an extra dollar in his weekly pay envelope that Saturday. He promptly bought the best seat in the

They put him behind the fruit coun-His first act was to clean it up and "fix things," generally. "Such a rum telephone booth, calling up successively way of doing business," he muttered, quite like an experienced grocer, scowl-this Mrs. Jones?" he would ask. "Pardisplays of his predecessor. When he was through with the counter there was absolutely no fault to find with it. But he was not satisfied. He went into the cellar and started to saw and hall some boxes to make receptive the only lung on the line. But in less

What are you doing here?" said the npous and obese superintendent, finding him at work.

was absent. He cleaned the fruit on his stand four times a day. "It gets so blamed mussed up," he said briskly to a fellow clerk who looked askance to a fellow clerk who looked askance to the action." And so only 8 cents, too." And so only 8 cents, too." And so at the action

The other clerk didn't," replied his companion suggestively.
"Didn't he?" said Breezy coolly.

Of course the clerks laughed at him. His tie was awry and of objectionable hue, and his trousers lacked the proper

The fruit trade was slow, and Breezy was highly impatient. The superintendent compelled him to stay behind his counter, and he had to gaze impastore, and he had to gaze impatiently over the bustling crowd of the store, which seemed to stop at every other counter but his. Twice, when the superintendent was not about, he made a personal canvass among the shoppers and secured a number of sales. The third time he was discovered and peremptorily ordered hack

of the overhead cash system; the aroma few simple price cards for other goods, of freshly roasted coffee, of bacon and it occurred to him that he might as of cheese; the click of the weighing well make a fig sign. It was prettil scales; the scraping of the busy scoops; lettered, and it read: "These figs ar the shrill staccato of the register bells and opening drawers; the rustle of the wrapping paper; the shuffle of hurrywrapping paper; the shuffle of hurryclerks leered at him when he put it
"Twenty-five," answered Breezy. ing feet; the rumble of the drays on over his figs, rearranging the boxes the cobbles outside; the incessant hum of voices, and the ever-changing panodidn't happen around any more that "What!" said Thompson, staring his spectacles. "Twenty-five," repeated Breezy.

gressive firm of Casper W. Leslie
& Co., grocers, hired him they
thought they had secured an ordinary
clerk, and gave themselves no further
concern. They already had a force of
about a dozen clerks beside half a doz-

in some previous conversation.
"You may hand in your bill for them to the bookkeeper," said Leslie evenly; "and Thompson, you may have them

He was paid for the cards, and there

They found him the next week in the

nail some boxes to make receptacles for various things back of his counter.

the only lung on the line. But in less than an hour Breezy had hurry orders aggregating \$20, and Leslie himself closed Thompson's mouth of wrath at neglected cunstomers by word of com-

"Oh." said Breezy carelessly, "I'm just getting some boxes in shape to put dirt and tools in at my counter."

"We have got a carpenter to do that." said the superintendent, with displeasure; "get up where you belong and tend to your customers."

Breezy went up, and finished the boxes later when the superintendent was absent. He cleaned the fruit on his stand four times a day "It gots."

The firm's telephone trade had never been worked up, and Breezy printed announcements inviting customers to use 'phone to send their orders. A 'phone was placed behind the fruit counter and Breezy took the orders. He did more. "You're going to bake, aren't you?" he asked of the house-wives when they ordered flour, lard, etc. "Isn't your baking powder all gone? Don't you need some new pans? The firm's telephone trade had never

"Here, Mr. Thompson," he called to the superintendent as he passed one day: "who makes these sign cards?" day; "who makes these sign cards?"
"Tommy, the shipping clerk," replied

"I have just thought," said Breezy re-

"Yes; but don't neglect your counter." Breezy had just received a large quantity of splendid figs that morni



They Put Him Behind the Fruit Counter. His First Act was to Clean It Up and "Fix Things Generally."

day, but in the evening Breezy sought "H'm, h'm," said the superintendent, Thompson stood before it for full two him out. The figs were all gone.
"H'm," said the superintendent, "you

another card: "More good, clean figs at this price. They'll only last through the day, though." It seemed as if everybody that came into the store that day bought figs. Thompson came to the fruit counter out of curiosity, atflectively, "that I might make a nicer tracted by the crowd there, which breezy was one for this counter. May I try one?" Breezy was waiting upon with a satishis counter. fied and dexterous alacrity. He ele-vated his eyebrows at the sign.

"Who made that sign?" he asked, when the crowd cleared off. "Me," said Breezy, in a bustle at the

cash register.
"H'm, h'm," said the superintendent, The next day it was raisins at a bar-

gain, and Breezy's sign read: "We bought fifty boxes of these seedless raisins, and we are going to sell them at -cents a pound until they are all gone." "How many boxes of those seedless son that evening, looking sourly at the

"What!" said Thompson, staring over

Breezy was vigorously cleaning up.
"You may take off the dull hours."
continued Thompson cautiously, "and
make the signs for the whole store.
We'll get an assistant at your counter."

which Breezy was kicking some boxes under "D'ye hear," said Thompson.

For the next six weeks the customers at Leslie's enjoyed daily treats from the signs. There were no less than fifty to be made on busy days. The language was simple; it told the truth about the goods, and it never disappointed, and quite often there was a bit of humor in it. The obese superintendent frowned as Breezy's efforts and looked as if he half regretted his venture.

"The old guy," mused Breezy one day as he saw Thompson deliberately tear one of them up. It was an egg sign, and read: "If you wait until tomorrow is the signs, and the same and the called him aside.

"Don't try to be so funny on your cards," he frowned. "You make nice cards, the frowned as but they ou get humorous you are as loud as a bit of humor in it. The obese superintendent frowned as Breezy's efforts and looked as if he half regretted his venture.

"The old guy," mused Breezy one day as he saw Thompson deliberately tear one of them up. It was an egg sign, and read: "If you wait until tomorrow moments in deep thought."

"The old guy," mused Breezy one day as he saw Thompson deliberately tear one of them up. It was an egg sign, and read: "If you wait until tomorrow moments in deep thought."

and read: "If you wait until tomorrow moments in deep thought.
to buy these eggs at 15 cents the dozen "That boy's got too much vitality." today!" Promptly Breezy had another another outlet for it. Making one up which read: "It's throwing these and answering the telephone

him out. The figs were all gone.

"H'm," said the superintendent, "you must have had an extra run on figs today. "Could have sold more," said minutes before he decided to let it pass, and then walked away, murmuring, "H'm, h'm."

Over the new supply that he received the next morning, the clerks read from after a minute: "These signs are neatable to the received another card: "More good, clean figs at this price. They'll only lest the clerk true will be th cheese sign and read, "Hold your nose here. It only takes the clerk two minutes by the clock to wrap up haif a pound at 30 cents," he decided that he would draw the limit, and he told Breezy to take it down, which Breezy did with a rather crestfallen air. He had been particularly proud of this effort, and had stood behind his register a dozen different times during the day a dozen different times during the day "Yes, sir," said Thompson.
"Yes, sir," said Breezy.

For the next six weeks the customers

to watch customers stare and break out into laughter. A week later they made him take another one down, and

to buy these eggs at 15 cents the dozen they may not be as good as they are he said, "and we'll have to give him eggs at you to sell them for 15 cents enough for him to do. I believe that I order?" asked Leslic, They're not bad, though." will put Morris at the telephone and

business down town." The change was accordingly made, and Breezy became a sort of confidential clerk, doing most of the firm's business with the ballow and the down-town offices. Characteristically, he allowed no opportunity to istically, he allowed no opportunity to they said. But they added something they said. But they added something they said. not chary with suggestions, either, and was told by the firm more than once that his advice had not been asked, and that it was therefore not very valuable. This logic Breezy utterly failed to comprehend. His old friends smiled as he dashed

by them daily on his bicycle, his hat crushed onto his head and his face al-most on the handle bars.

The firm sent him to the newspaper offices to take advertising copy. The advertisements which he carried he criticised freely on the road down town. Most of his criticisms were o a decidedly adverse nature, and his opinion of the man who wrote them, the head of the firm, grew more and more contemptuous. He had learned some lessons in advertising by his card making.

One morning they sent him to a down-town firm of producers with an order for twenty tubs of butter. With the order they gave him copy to take to all the morning papers, making commonplace and altogether unattractive mention—thought Breezy—of a proposed special sale of these twenty tubs of butter.
"That's the weakest thing yet," he

soliloquized, as Le sped down the empty avenue. "Butter'll go up 3 cents a pound one of these days." As he stood in the office of the com-pany he heard a man say something

confidentially to the produce man and a customer that made him wink hard. It was that butter would go up in a to take it very seriously, but Breezy construed it into a mighty tip.
"Just what I thought," he said to

himself. "That slow firm buying only twenty tubs!" It occurred to him that he might telephone to the firm and give them the tip; but he immediately rejected the idea.

They might arrest me." But the spirit twenty tubs!" It occurred to him that he might telephone to the firm and give them the tip; but he immediately rejected the idea.

They might arrest me." But the spirit twenty tubs!" If they only wait till to-night."

He learned afterward that the store

him an order for a hundred tubs. 'It'll take all we have," he said.

Breezy sat down at the desk nd wrote something rapidly. The foreman at the newspaper composing rooms looked 'at nim in surprise as he gave directions about border and type, technicalities which he had learned as editor of the school

afternoon. Thompson came out in the wareroom and looked at the first batch of twenty. "I wouldn't have ordered twenty!" he said, shaking his head. "I told Jim they wouldn't go." He wasn't in when the rest came. "Are they lie put on a pompous frown. turning the store into a butter house?" said the shipping clerk, grumbling, as he helped the men bring them in. "Great heaven!" ejaculated Thompson the next morning when he came into the wareroom. "Where does all

said Thompson stiffly, "and I didn't." and don't bother me, but show up "Can't you count?" exclaimed Leslie ready for work Monday morning."

faced both men easily. way home, to "How many tubs of butter did you nervous energy. "One hundred."

"I told you twenty!" roared Thomp Leslie did not answer, but made for the telephone. The produce people firm-ly refused to take back the tubs.

more in a telephone whisper.
"Mr. Leslie," said Breezy, when the proprietor rang off, without any visible allayment of his wrath, "I was orlered to get only twenty, but I made it a hundred, and-

"You did, did you?" burst out Leslie, glaring at Breezy with unutterable derision. "You'll be advertising yourself as proprietor of this store shortly, won't "But Mr. Leslie," protested Breezy,

"butter's going up in a few days!" "Great guns!" roared Leslie, "are-are you running this firm, you-you im-pudent young fool? You young barrel of gall! I've a notion to break your head."

Breezy flushed angrily.

"Go out and draw your salary, and ever set foot here again!" Breezy turned on his heel and walked out, without looking at the clerks who had assembled at the wareroom door, attracted by the loud voices.
"Fools! fools!" he muttered between

his teeth, as he drove his bicycle along the street When he looked at copies of all the morning papers, in which appeared the advertisements he had prepared the

day before in lieu of the originals, he smiled in genuine artistic gratification.
"If that don't sell butter," he chuck-led, "nothing ever will." The advertisement predicted that butter would go up very soon, and that Leslie & Co. had bought, in anticipation of this, 100 tubs, which they would sell at one cent below the market price.
"There will be a still awfuller row

in that shanty when they see these. They might arrest me." But the spirit

"They'd only laugh and tell me that was crowded with butter buyers wasn't running their business." I wasn't running their business."

Then was born a great idea. An instant later he was decided. The producer whistled when Breezy handed the coming rise in price, and an advance of one cent was already him an order for a hundred tubs. asked that same day.

It was during the afternoon of the next day that Breezy received a note asking him to call at the office of the grocery firm of Leslie & Co.

"See here, young man," said Leslie to him in his private office, "what you did on Tuesday was a thing that could paper. have put you bell the tubs were all delivered in the you understand?" have put you behind prison bars. Do

As Breezy still held his peace, Leslie resumed: "As a result we are—er—have cleared, well, some hundred dol-

Breezy still remained silent, and Les-

"Understand, young man," he de claimed, "in giving you the position of superintendent and advertising manager of this store, we most certainly wish to express our vehement displeas happened to turn out, and solemnly warn you that a repetition of such a monstrous offense will mean instant discharge. To hold this position you will have to confine yourself to reason "Hold you to order twenty, didn't I?"

"You advised me not to buy more."

"You advised me not to buy more."

"You advised me not to buy more."

"You do not to buy more."

"You do not to buy more."

"You do not to buy more."

"You advised me not to buy more."

"There's a hundred there, if there's satisfaction with this interview was one!" When Breezy was finally called in he of the steepest hill in the city on way home, to rid himself of surplus

Copyright by S. S. McClure Co.

## The Genial Idiot. 3 He Takes a Fall Out of Shakespeare BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE Bibliomaniae had just recited And shining morning face, creeping the famous soliloguy of the Melancholy Jacques in Shakespeare's "As You Like It":

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players They have their exits and their en-

And one man in his time plays many His acts being seven ages. At first Mewling and puking in the nurse's And then the whining school boy, with

his satchel And skining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school. And then the Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Full of strange oaths and bearded like Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth. And then In fair round belly with good capon With eyes severe and beard of formal Full of wise saws and modern in-And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, With spectacles on nose and pouch on -His youthful hose, well saved, a world For his shrunk shank; and his big, Turning again toward childish treble, it?" asked the Bibliomaniac. And whistles in his sound. Last scene the Idiot.

of all,
That ends this strange, eventful his- In the sickening shambles of news-

"Magnificent, eh?" he cried, enthusi-'I prefer oatmeal for breakfast," replied the Idiot. 'An immortal poen," said the Bib-

us, that Mr. Shakespeare could come back to town," said the Idiot, absentmindedly pouring the maple syrup into his coffee. "There are a lot of statements that man has made that I think, in the light of modern developments, he'd like to modify. Just take those lines you have just recited, for instance, in which the importal will

Unwillingly to school'-

"What Tommy-rot that is nowa-days, when school is made so attrac-tive that hookey, once our National Game, has lost its savor and the average lad would sooner miss the circus than absent himself from his lectures on the Duties of Center Rush or negexperiments in practical bas ket ball. Indeed, how empty that whole blooming sollloquy of the Solemcholy Jacques seems to our Twentieth Cenintelligence."

maniac in such heat that he tried to transfer his coffee to his lips with his butter-knife. "That soliloquy is one the classics of the English tongue. vill be remembered when your cham Century is lost in oblivion.'

"In form, yes," said the Idiot. "But ot, my friend, in substance, for the reason that the situations it depicts no become the School Boys' Club, just as the Saloon is the Salon of the Walking Delegate, but the lover no longer sighs like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. Your Nineteenth Century lover doesn't give rap for his mistress' eyebrow and renace or clicking like a radiator in the world won't win a girl's heart in these days with Matinee tickets on sale, and world won't win a girl's heart in these days with Matinee tickets on sale, and caramels fresh every hour waiting the gentle masticating touch of his fair Rosalind's pearly molars. Then the soldier's seeking the bubble regutation soldier's seeking the bubble regutation even in the Cannon's month, really a thing of the past some time because in the cannon's month, really a thing of the past some time because in the Cannon's month, really a thing of the past some time because in the Cannon's month, really and the sold and the seemed somewhat and well grown antiers; two were spike bucks, and one was a fawn, who had the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a particularly violent movement. If, however, I allowed the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a precious in the cannon are the purchase of the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots, and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots and the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like spots and who had a provided the shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them, they darted away like shadow of my hand or arm to fall upon them. soldier's seeking the bubble reputation even in the Cannon's mouth—really that makes me laugh. I leave it to you, Mr. Brief, if you find any soldier nowadays seeking the bubble reputa-tion at the Cannon's mouth?"

'And where, may I ask, does he seek

"At the point of the Camera," replied "In mad assaults upon the tory.

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

paper interviews. In the thunderous the fields were gray with the seedy paper interviews. In the thunderous had been seas of glorious goldenrod, up among the hills. The ground be- in rapid motion it would scarcely seem It's the man behind the gun nowadays of thistic suk, but round about, the to the windings of the brook. Every now came down to it they were obliged to man who tries the other end of the Soon I came to a brook running and then a ruffed grouse, and some step from one ledge of rock to a lower three of them in rapid one. Here, for the first time, I learned proposition may get a short cut to through a meadow, and I walked along times two or three of them in rapid one. Here, for the first time, I learned the succession, would start up before me that these animals can voluntarily longs to the survivor who comes home, rises. The water was so clear that, without previous warning, and fly move their toes, for as they lifted their sasses the administration and gets mentioned for the Presidency by the opposition. And so it goes through the whole speech. Your modern justice doesn't go in for the 'eyes severe and beard of formal cut.' It is the glad "Perhaps, but I still wish in spite of the fact that we have Clyde Fitch and George Ade to write our plays for beard of formal cut." It is the glad eye and the smiling, rubicund face of Mr. Jolly your modern justice hands out, so that when he finds his first term coming to a close his constitu-ents will give him another fourteen years on the bench at seventeen thou-

isn't put up for Governor or something stance, in which the immortal Wil- else in the interim.

sand five hundred per, priveded he

little mountains of wood to keep the seem to mind me as I moved quietly with eight points on each of his new

its bank towards the hills in which it succession, would start up before me that these animals can voluntarily

houses habitable during the long and about, though they seemed somewhat

Yesterday I went out for a walk. It In places along the banks blue gen-

out through the fields the work of the a spray of goldenrod was to be seen,

the ferns were black and shriveled, own in the fields round about.

for minutes.

"Last scene of all the vice presidency. We put 'em on this life giving positively last fareweil if he is sans teeth and sans taste when the bench. We make Captains of Finance out of them. If we find a twin become country living. It is second childishness and mere observed by the components of the control of the country living. livion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'

"You can't get away from the truth of that, Mr. Idiot."

"That's the worst of the lot," laughed the Idiot. "If there's one thing we don't deny to old age nowadays its teeth, eyes, taste, and honors. We don't deny to old age nowadays its teeth, eyes, taste, and honors. We don't put our old men in asylums as they did in Jacques' time—or, at least, we don't in this country. We send 'em to the senate. We nominate 'em for the lots at the truth of the livion, Sand they have the cash, he waseth fat and dozen press agents who but a very pleasing publicity. We way at the age of 82. Ask Brother to da at the time we need a campaign of the by, there's no more oblivion for him, but a very pleasing publicity. We way at the age of 82. Ask Brother to da at the time we need a campaign of the by, there's no more oblivion for him, but a very pleasing publicity. We way at the age of 82. Ask Brother to da dozen press agents who what has come his second childishness that has come his second childishness.

In the time the data addozen press agents who way at the age of 82. Ask Brother lot of the wold all the second childishness that has come his second childishness.

In the livel xell him to spead the data the time we have full of tun.

In the livel xell him to spe with a comfortable pile of dollars laid separate set for every day of the what he thinks of the quality of the to the senate. We nominate 'em for him to spend the last thirty years of he tells you. Ask Uncle Russell Sage

from hearing my footsteps, and the

wind was in the wrong direction for

move in a body, but each one at will,

grew at the sides of the gorge near the

venerable body will permit you to finish or to have the lines printed in the Congressional Record. I venture to assert, sir, that under modern conditions AN AUTUMN WALK. & By IRNEST HAROLD BAYNES there are more men between 30 and 40 who are lacking in teeth, taste, eyes the ranks of the patriarchs. It is true Up here in New Hampshire the au- way towards the forest. It was not gorge, where the water boiled and tumn sets in early, and by the last of difficult to guess what he had been seethed and finally fled away past my to go on the retired list at 62, but that September there are a hundred reminders of the coming winter, and the people take the hints and busy themis only because room has to be made at the top of the ladder for other old selves in reshingling their houses, resmall, only three or four over six deer, their brown winter coats glistenpairing their barns, and in laying in have little fear of me. They did not one was a large and handsome buck.

any better at its other end, either. "Do leave us something," pleaded the "The modern infant doesn't go mewl ng around in his nurse's arms, not by That ends this strange eventful histor; a long shot," persisted the Idiot. "He plants himself comfortably in an inubator to begin with and has himself exhibited at any old world's fair that happens to be in progress at the mo-ment of his debut. He lies off comwas a typical autumn morning, bright and frosty, with wet grass and an odor of ripe apples in the air. As I struck Now and then in some sheltered spot perfectly unconscious. They did not struck to the stream of ripe apples in the air. As I struck to the stream of ripe apples in the air. fortably on his all-wool pillow and permits the million to look at him through frost was visible everywhere. Most of and pearly everlasting still held its hibbling the grass and flowers which nead, and when that is over and he begins to make use of his tongue, he much of the grass was brown, and the wild flowers for the most part had gone to seed. Where in August there heard the faint sound of a cascade far one who had never seen these creatures the faint sound of a cascade far one who had never seen these creatures. cracks jokes that are printed in all the religious and comic papers of the country. At the age of 2 he is famous as a wit and his cunning repartee con vulses the nation with laughter. The things that little Willie says and the bright remarks of Flossie, only 18 months old, culled from the columns f the monthly magazines, will fill book of a thousand closely printed Really, Mr. Bib, much as I pages. would like to agree with you. I can't this time. Shakespeare is away behind the times in that poem."

"What a pity you didn't write it, neered the Bibliomaniac. "Oh, but I have written it." said the more than the necessary amount of noise; in others there were beds of shining and bright colored pebbles, where the water was churned to milky whiteness, to become clear again a minute later, as it poured silently into some deep sun-lighted pool, where diot. "What's more, I am sending it to the Shakespearean society to be incorporated in the definitive edition that is now being prepared. Here is the re-

some deep sun-lighted pool, where speckled trout could be seen darting from bank to bank, or lying among the pebbles at the bottom, with their find. And all the men and women merely stance, in which the immortal Willes in the interim."

You forgot the impressive finish of the poem." said the Doctor. "The accuracy of that stands the test of time, with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"And then the whining school boy with his satchel

"They have their exits and their end was the pebbles at the bottom, with their finis falling water. Twenty feet above me, passed from view among the trees. They have their exits and through a deep cleft in the stone, leaving me to marvel at that wonderful piece of animal mechanism which has arch to a pool at the bottom of the been tabeled "deer."

'All the world's a subway

Winking and blinking on his incubator

Of ready cash and credit at the stores, Who seeks his Heart's Desire with Fudges.

Frippery and tickets for the Faversham. Then a soldier, full of strange notions, and everything than you will find in And eye upon his pard who hands him

that in our army and navy men have The stars he seeks upon his shoulders broad to place, Seeking the bubble reputation in the well of ink,

men who are coming along. In other words, we have to have a special reguing deeds lation nowadays to get the old men out. He spreads himself upon the pages fine of the way. And the solilloquy isn't Of his autobiography embellished with Of his autobiography embellished with

me'sixty-seven pictures of Myself in

He sports at public dinners, in the sen-

Controls the marts and if he will Holds highest sinecures, sans nothing That a first or second childhood seeks

"That's the substance of the substitution," said the Idiot. "It is sacrilege!" cried the Biblio-naniac, trembling with indignation.

"Well, you began it," said the Idiot. "I?" roared the Bibliomaniac. "Yes, you," said the Idiot. "I asked for the fried mush and you trotted out

your Shakespeare. I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but you brought it on yourself. Shakespeare is not a suitable breakfast food, Mr. Bib, and when it comes to a choice between him and Nervy Jim, you'll find me for Nervy every time.

(Copyright, 1904, by K. H. Holmes.)

Inside Information. (Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.) Bjones-Addicks says that the Demo. rats can't buy Delaware. Bjohnson-How do you suppose be

knew that Hank Davis wasn't going to Sizing Him Up.

"Is life really worth living?" asked the man with the question habit. "Yours evidently isn't," replied the philosophical person: "otherwise you would never have asked such a fool